

## Upon Reflection

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Category: Animorphs  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 1999-08-26 09:00:00  
Updated: 1999-08-26 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:15:49  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 806  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: Uh, what it says!

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Authors Note: There really is no point to this fan fic, but I thought some of you might not mind another read. After all, that's why I keep on throwing these out. =) Just beware of this VERY amateur piece of writingâ€¦|

The emerald grass was but a ripple through the plains that dewy morning, waving blades thick with sunshine that quietly rose from the sun warmed earth, gracious beneath his feet. Pretty butterflies danced heartily around the abundance of hybrids and roses that lived on that property of land, doing twirls and spins as they lapped endlessly at the air, gliding on multi colored patterns beneath their wings and flapping towards the sky, a perfect print against the light backdrop of a fair babyish blue. Trees spread their branches in well-defined v-shapes, shading the ground beneath them and forming a translucent canopy of sunfire gold and verdant green intertwined. The result, was brilliant.

But beyond that lush plain of posies and daffodils was a shore. A white shore that though bare of any debris spoke of an ugly taint, a spotted taint merged with sand as soft as velvet, not on a beach, but on a shore. The very shoreline that extended it's reach into the black sea, so contrasting to the whiteness and to the ironic purity that befriended the whiteness that it resembled a hole deep where hope once lay. But the sea was not a lifeless thing, a queer thing perhaps but not lifeless, as it would trash at certain times of the day then suddenly quieten down, like an angry child being soothed by the very waves that indented that white shore and washed away the

sand. It was the turmoil of the sea, he reflected, and not the idyllic paradise that shone in the sky, that mirrored the darkness of his heart.

Seagulls honked in the air and small crabs skipped among the sparse reeds that decorated the boundary between paradise and the shoreline, backed up by large boulders that sunk into the earth much like defenders past their prime. The sand was a little wet that day, due to the thunderstorm the previous night, and though on the shore some might find evidences of that terror, on land there were none. Nothing to attest to the crime of Mother Nature who struck cruel lightning down and electrified the air. Nothing; except the sand. The sand that crawled all over his fingers, his hands, his legs, his feet, blown about by the wind that stung his face with the warm salty air, air which kissed his lips licked his hair and blinded his eyes. Air which could never do him any harm, which now burned away his skin and revealed the wounds; air that disappeared past him and out to sea.

Before he had been a warrior. A murderer. And even before that, a dreamer. A dreamer who had literally slept through his life, through the childhood that exposed the foolishness of ever finding his parents again, and taught him that the only way was to dream. To dream and perhaps find peace and happiness in the place that he had made his dreamland for in reality, wishes almost never came true. They were either ripped apart or made into lies, but they were almost, never true.

—

Never trueâ€|

Never true Tobias, Tobias, wishes never come true.

They're dreamersâ€|they don't sleepâ€|

—

But they do.

They eventually woke upâ€| and learned the truth.

—

You don't want to live foreverâ€|

—

Somehow, the sun caught his eye, as it sent streams of cascading gold tumbling down over the hills, drinking from the streams and catching the glint of ruby red fish that flew through the water like streaking bullets, a second before cutting into the creek just by the sea, their blood bleeding together through thick waterâ€| Sun hot enough to melt wax.

Silent, he stood. Silent, he lumbered towards the nearest boulder, and silent, he climbed atop it, spread-eagled to the sky. Then, staring directly at the sun hot enough to melt wax, he jumped and soared through the air. Then their blood bleeding together through thick water, it washed out to sea.

N/A: Dare I ask, do you get it? A hint, Rachel died, and that there was Tobias committing suicide. I tried not to depend on imagery for this one, butâ€¦ well, as a hint, think about the conflicting appearances of both the 'paradise', and the sea. Then, if all else fails, look to the sun.

Now that took approximately twenty minutes, I'm so happy! (sarcasm, ahem.) And that's because I've plenty of homework that I ought to be doing instead of thisâ€¦ oh bugger.

End  
file.